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TR#146 FEB '05
EDITOR: RAY CROWE
CLESEBER
Dec. 24.

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UFO PHOTOS LATE MAY '04
FROM THE PORTLAND, OR
WATERFRONT, WILLAMETTE
RIVER. ANONYMOUS
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TOM BOWDEN, OREGON
MUFON DIRECTOR
ADRESSES WBS FEB MEET

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The Track Record
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Cover Art By Member Glen Eisner,. Signed copies may be purchased for $20.00, Post Paid, 12154 Springtrail St, Sylmar, CA 91342, Glenosaur@yahoo.com.
MEETING
Monthly meetings will be at the Home Plate, 8501 N. Lombard, Portland. Dinner at 6PM and meet at 7PM, All invited. Free to the public (no indoor meeting in July, Aug., Nov. or Dec.). There will be a mini-museum and items will be for sale by owner Patti Dietz.
FEBRUARY 26TH MEETING
WBS member Mike Downey (past MUFON Director) introduced Tom Bowden, Oregon Mutual UFO Network Director, for a very interesting and informing meeting.
Tom commented on the two day earlier ABC TV special program on UFO's...some had seen and enjoyed, others thought it was treated the topic too lightly, skipping important points (sounds like criticisms of recent Bigfoot coverage by National Geographic).
First though, Tom referred to a Weekly Reader of the late 1950's, where he had read of Tom Slick, oil millionaire, hunting in the Himalayan Mountains for a Yeti.
Later, he told of the birth of modern UFO investigation with the sighting of Kenneth Arnold in June 1947 near Mt Rainier while hunting for a downed aircraft. He said the nine objects were "like saucers skipping over water." The name "flying saucers" stemmed from news reports of that event.
Continuing, Tom said initially the government investigated the saucers as a possible national security threat. Later, they took a different attitude, heaping ridicule on reports and observers, and deflected attention away from the topic.
Tom then went on to tell of many different sightings, and mentioned, often fielding questions, on such things as; lost time, aliens, memory block, hybridization, abductions, and cloaking
WEAR YOUR SKEPTICALS
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devices. He even cited a report from Snohomosh Co., WA where a Bigfoot was lowered from a UFO to the ground on a line.
One of the more recent reports from last May in Portland, told of a witness taking a movie of a cylindrical object near the Esplanade Mall in east Portland. By chance, he and others were at an annual UFO Festival in McMinnville, OR.
There is a monthly meeting of MUFON on the second Tuesday of the month at 1441 SE 122nd in Portland. There are links there

to a support group for abductees.
[AD] Tom may be contacted with further questions at 503-618-7029, tomr.bowden@verizon.net
VP Pattie Reinhold brought with her a guest with the name "Chief," a Hopi/Basque mix, that told as an aside of an incident in 1945 at Canoga Park in CA (a district of the city of Los Angeles, located within the San Fernando Valley.). He was a kid when the creature came to the door. The kids all screamed and mom took a broom to it and it ran off. He could see later where it had run barefoot through a bamboo stand. Besides mom, his sister and two brothers saw the thing.
Again, near Sweet Home, OR, 1985, at a location known as Shot Pouch near Cascadia. One night the creature came out of the brush to the trailer, brushing against it. They thought at first it was an elk, but taking the flashlight he saw the creature and the eyes as it retreated, looking back occasionally.
red
To wind up the evening, Lauren DeShazer, our favorite magician, had a few tricks up his sleeve, and had an explanation on how they were done..."very well," he said.
BIGFOOT ACTIVITY REPORTS
* from Bobbie Short newsletter, Port Hardy, British Columbia, Summer 2004
I wasn't sure where to report this, and didn't want any ridicule from people who don't believe in Sasquatch. Perhaps you can assist me.
A friend and I went up to catch the big salmon run at River's Inlet in July 2004. We drove up to Port Hardy, then took a float plane to Dawson's Landing, where a friend of his had a large boat where we would stay for a week.
We took a smaller boat into the inlet one foggy morning. While cruising, we saw what we thought was a bear by the edge of the water. We were about 150 meters away and cut the engine so we wouldn't scare it.
Let me say that there is no hint of civilization anywhere near there at all. Just the occasional fisherman in a boat, but that's about it.
We were just drifting towards shore, and when we got to about 30 meters from the animal, it stood up, and it was no bear. It looked like a cross between an ape and a tall man. I joked that it was a "hung-over, unshaven Dave Semenko" (former defensman for the Edmonton Oilers, and a favourite of mine).
The creature, and I WILL call it a Sasquatch now that I know they exist, watched us without appearing scared. As you know, there are no brakes on a boat, and we continued to drift towards him, until we got to about 15 meters from shore when my friend panicked and started the engine.
He feared we would run aground at the feet of the Sasquatch. It had been standing ankle-deep in the water, and jumped quickly about 2 meters up the bank when the engine kicked over, but didn't run away. My friend reversed the boat, then cut the engine again when we were well clear of the shore, about 30 meters out.

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The Sasquatch made a whistling sound, and then grunted like a pig. It picked up a branch and started beating the dirt and shallow water with it.
It kind of roared, for lack of a better word, then threw the stick, awkwardly, (like a girl throwing with her opposite hand) and it landed in the water a few meters, perhaps four, from shore. And as quick as can be, it ducked up behind a tree and was gone. We didn't hear it moving and thought that it might be standing still, but we could see nothing. We waited for about 10 minutes, then decided that the show was over. Our total time watching each other was less than 5 minutes, though it seemed longer.
It was a dark brown in color, with hair all over save for it's hands and face. The face and hands appeared black and leathery. I would guess the hair was 10-12 centimeters in length. It was large, I would guess 2.5 meters tall, and easily 180 kilograms in weight, likely more. Hard to say when you are experiencing something like this!
The massive shoulders gave no indication of a visible neck; it was as though the head was one with the torso.
We told a friend of his about the encounter, and his friend said that his father had seen Sasquatch three times. Once inland from Bella Coola, and twice in our general vicinity.
I'll tell you how I felt, and it's a little difficult to describe. I made a hole-in-one four years ago. I felt giddy and blessed at the same time, knowing that the powers-that-be had chosen me, for some reason, to have a stroke of luck that defies logic or reason. I know many golfers far better than I who have NOT made an ace. I decided that it was my moment, my turn, if you will, for fate to give me a kiss, rather than a kick. After reflecting on our encounter, I felt very much the same as that.
There it is. I don't believe I've left anything out. I will ask a favor, and that is please to not use my full name. You know how people are.
Report file February 3, 2005
(An Inuit from the Inuvialut (NW) region, notified investigator Jack Loud Bird)
* Wear skepticals for this report.
Sighting: Adam Roof, 136 Osbourn St,Auburn, New York 13021 [AD] Cauyga (315)-253-7897
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Sighting info:Late July 2000, Time: Midday
Location: The sighting occurred behind my aunt's house. I do not have the geographic
location, but the type of terrain I was on was my aunt's lawn and the sighting was in the woods.
Actions of reporter: I was hitting baseballs with one of my friends around the woods behind my
Aunt's house and one baseball went into the woods.
Description of sighting: I did not see anything, but I heard

strange noises after the baseball went in. We recorded the noises. Also I made the noise, then when I was done making
Noises, it made noises back. This thing making the noises and I did this a few times before it stopped. A few nights later my friends Dad was in the woods and he heard noise then saw something really tall run away. The next two weeks he sat on his porch looking for something and every four or five days he would hear the noises I heard, then he stopped hearing them altogether. Then about a year later he would be chased through the woods by this thing. When he got home he heard the noises, only it was almost like it was enraged. The next day when there was light we went in the woods to find the campsite was torn apart and there were small, but fallen trees and tree branches. Since then my friends dad has moved away and I have not seen or heard from this thing again.
When I watched a show on the discovery channel; the noises from the creature on the TV matched the creatures noises on the tape recording.
Physical Attributes: It was described to me like this 7 to 10 feet long, at least 350 pounds, too dark to tell, but it might have been brown or black, could not tell the eye color or skin color, big hands probably three times bigger than a grown man's, no foot prints, but the ground shook when it was running; gender was unknown, the smell was like mud and dead, the sounds were like it was screaming, but it was like it was trying to talk. All these details were given to me over the phone with my friend's dad.
* Wear skepticals here also
Sighting: Chris Phillips, 426 Ammunitions Rd
Apt 104, Fall Brook, CA 92028
[AD] San Diego 760-451-9688, kemo 1999@aol.com
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Sighting info: Dec 10, 2002, Time: 6:30 pm
Location: Spruce, WI, woods by a corn field
Actions of reporter: taking the trash out
Witnesses: Adam Fifeild
Description of sighting: Me and Adam were in his back yard and it was dusk we were taking the trash out. Adam saw it first; he hit me on the arm and pointed at the tree line, and there it was, walking along the tree line about 50 yards away from us. It then walked about 20 feet before it looked our way; it looked at us for about three sec and then ran in to the woods.
Physical Attributes: around 8 ft tall 400 to 500 lbs, brown black.
That night we walked out to the spot we saw it and there was a vary bad stench; it was like a dead deer that had been there for a few days in the sun.
* Please wear skepticals here also
Sighting: Greg Helton, 39 V St., Springfield, OR 97477; 541-
[AD] 736-8067/ Cell: 517-4544 ravenspride@hotmail.com
www.freewebs.com/gromulon
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Sighting info: Date: 1982 - 86', Time: nightime

Location: Rampart Range Road, east of Manitou Springs, Garden of the Gods, and it has entrance to the road as well. Half way up the road to Rampart Range Reservoir.
This is my sisters encounters when she was in high school.
Actions of reporter: My sister and her friends were out camping and having fun. One was on the road, and they were walking without a flashlight, hiking in the Garden of the Gods.
I had a sighting at the base of Mt, Manitou, (which is only a nights travel from those spots by human foot travel) around the same time. They are prominent in the summer.
Description of sighting: these creatures had come into their campsite and screamed and stomped about at the teenagers, obliviously pissed off about them in their territory. Others would quick run by, then into bushes, and down hill.
Physical Attributes: At the start my sister does not believe in Bigfoot and says they were not Bigfoot, but they had red faces (I think due to campfire light) from 5'3" to 6' tall, elongated jaw and upper bridge, (piggish, her words) huge eye teeth on top of mouth, wearing black coats with pointed hoods (kind a similar, huh; she thinks.), human eyes and furry eyebrows, heavy brow ridge. No normal skin exposed, on black. Seems to me she seen a Bigfoot, don't you. And her words exactly. They were the creation of Chief Manitou, freaks and Abominations of nature. undecided. You can contact me. And I am trying to get her to remember more, but she says it scares her to think about.
From Bobbie Short newsletter; Main Page State by State sightings http://www.bigfootencounters.com
Colfax County, New Mexico; Sunday January 30, 2005
Angel Fire Ski lift at the summit
Footprints were sighted by a older couple who saw tracks below them from a ski lift. The tracks trailed off into the line of trees to their right. The trail of tracks they said were made in fresh powder, approximately 15 inches deep on top of a snow pack near the main summit. The informants said the trail was fresh, not kicked-up snow, but a straight line of tracks from one side of the

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ski lift to the other on their first early morning ski-lift ride up the mountain. The tracks went directly under the lift, which they estimated to be at the 10,000-foot elevation level and in deep snow. The weather was brisk but clear and not snowing at the time, The woman said she was of Ashiwi Indian and Spanish heritage and her maternal great-grandmother, whose parents were inhabitants of the Shiwona territory in what is now New Mexico first warned her of the "Great Atahsaia" when she was very young. They believed Atahsaia is a bad spirit hair-covered cannibal giant that kidnaps little children and women, taking them away to the great Spirit Mountain. Today the informant called the creature 'bigfoot,' admonishing as she talked that "bigfoot was not to be tracked down or hunted, and that it was a

bad omen of things to come."
Filed Tuesday February 1, 2005.
*httpd httpd@www.digitaledge.com filed 17 Feb 05, Wear skepticals please.Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Sighting info: October 1973, Time: 11 PM approx
Location: Near Buchannon, Virginia. Arcadia Park. Blue Ridge Mountains. Campground.
I was compelled to write about my own experience which I believe was a Bigfoot sighting in Virginia. It was October 1973, I was a junior in high school, and every year at that time some friends and I would celebrate the end of the high school football season by camping in an area north of Roanoke, approx, 40 miles, in a park called Arcadia. This was just below the Blue Ridge Parkway, and an area called the Peaks of Otter. Also the Appalachian trail is nearby. We were lucky that year (as most years) to get camping at the Sportsman's shelter, which is a covered, floored open cabin. This is set off from the main campground by .3 to.4 miles, so it is isolated. It was Saturday night and I admit that as most high school kids will do, we were drinking. But what I am to tell you had nothing to do with drinking. After going to bed around midnight, sleeping on the floor of the shelter, which is raised about 3 feet from ground level, we were in sleeping bags side by side seven across!
The front of the shelter was open and we had a large fire going so it lit the inside of the building. I am not sure what woke me, the ungodly smell or his presence, but I was the only one to actually see him. I opened my eyes and the campfire was behind him. He was huge and I froze, since it was silhouetted against the fire, I got a good look at his size, and the hair protruding around him, but no facial details whatsoever. Now the reason I am sure it was male is because of what happened next. I was frozen, I didn't have to pretend to be asleep, and it seemed to be there for awhile. Then, suddenly it was urinating between myself and my friend sleeping beside me. It was aiming more towards my friend, and drenched his sleeping bag, he woke up yelling and cursing at one of the other guys, thinking that someone was messing with him. But I knew better, and at that time the creature left. My friend was extremely angry but everyone else was dead asleep, except me, and waking up to his ranting and raving. When we got him calmed down I explained to them what had happened. We were all starters on our high school football team, large strong guys, and had been outdoorsman all our lives, but we were scared. So scared that we left that campsite and walked to the other campsite where there were people, we made a fire and stayed up the rest of the night. I believe whatever he was, was marking his territory, it was an eerie night. Sincerely, Mark
Mark McCullough, Connecting Point, 835 Main Ave. Suite 215, [AD] Durango, Co. 81301; 970.259.4646, mark@cpnetcenter.com
Witnesses: Tim Shelton, Owen McGuire, Reagan Crump, Easter Moses, Mike Guilfoyle. Physical Attributes: Aprrox 7 ft. Brown Hair. Putrid Smell. Urinated
* from Bobbie Short newsletter

New Brief Reports: Texas, 5 January 2005 Hudspeth County, Texas Thursday, January 6, 2005 1:30 a.m. Amos Washington reports while driving his 18-wheel rig through Texas north of Interstate 10 and east of the Ft. Bliss Military area about 3 miles eastbound out of Butterfield Texas on hwy 62 he had to gear down to allow a loping "barefoot thing" to cross the road. It appeared in his headlights suddenly, crossing from the Southside of the road to the north in an odd swaggering manner. "I don't know for sure what I seen" Washington said by telephone, "the sight of this thing challenged anything-I know about it wasn't something a person can imagine. It was slumped some, naked, hair covered and light brown to white on its shoulders. My headlights could have played a part in the color I was seeing, but it was light colored. It was covered with hair or if it was a man, which I doubt, it was wearing a fur like costume out in the middle of nowhere. I didn't notice other features, just that this thing was odd and walked like a man walks upright, but bare-footed in cold weather, long legged and all, then it disappeared into the darkness; their eyesight must be better than mine because it was moonless black as pitch out there in the scrub. So there I was sitting in the cab of my rig thinking I was finally losing my marbles. It was not a wetback either they're too short. This thing was big and howdy! It never looked directly at my rig either, which makes a considerable amount of noise when gearing down." During the interview, Washington stated he had "heard" about bigfoot but never paid much attention to the phenomenon until now. He lived in El Paso for 30 years, was a truck driver most his life and had once overheard a conversation in a restaurant back some twenty years ago between two men in the booth behind him who claimed they saw a bigfoot creature just outside Ruidoso, New Mexico. "I heard them claim it was black and over 8 feet tall and I have heard other stories told by the Mescalero Apaches up there in the White and the Sacramento Mountains in NM of these things in those mountains but never down here by the border or in the El Paso County area."

* Washington State, 27 November 2004, Vance Orchard received a report today from some 4-wheelers who saw big foot prints in 18 inches of snow, coming out of the woods and headed down into the South Fork Walla Walla River...tracks were of a single and were 18-20 inches in length... witnesses said they could "see the tracks as far as the eye could see...
* 29 June 2000 - Port Angeles, Washington. A forestry manager for the Suquamish Tribe allegedly sees Bigfoot in the forest.
* 27 June 2000 - Hoh Reservation, Washington. Giant footprints found, unidentifiable noises are heard, and Sasquatch-suspected hair from matted grass beds are found in the woods by Gene Sampson and Cliff Crook. Hair to be DNA tested later this month.
* 24 June 2000 - Olympic National Park, Washington. Sasquatch footprints are found along the Sol Duc River. 21 June 2000 - Mount Pilchuck State Park, Washington. Hikers find large footprints.

* 16 June 2000 - Darrington, Washington. Big footprints are found along the Mountain Loop Highway.
* 5 June 2000 - Orting, Washington. An elderly woman sees an unidentifiable giant hairy creature pass by her car.
* 3 June 2000 - Orting, Washington. A family reports finding large footprints on their property.
* California, 2005, Del Norte County, January 7:30 am. A traveling salesman reported he saw tracks that "seemed to walk with great leaps" into and through Patrick Creek Campground 3 weeks ago in a dusting of snow on the north side. He said he was driving along hwy 199 and stopped to read the board there at the entrance to Patrick Creek Campground, which is north of the town of Gasquet, CA. When he finished perusing the board, he stayed for a few minutes to take a leak, and then enjoyed the tranquility and the cold breeze blowing when he noticed the tracks. The informant said he didn't go into the campground, but at first observed the tracks from a distance at the entrance board then realized they must have come from across 199 and go into and through the grounds of the park. The campground was closed and he was in a hurry to drive onto Cave Junction across the state line in Oregon for an appointment. But he said even with the

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distortion in the snow, the tracks were a good deal larger than his size 11 boot and the length between footprints stretched beyond his own capability. It was a single line of tracks, one creature. No other information.
* 2002 June, nearby Gasquet, California, a couple opening up their cabin for the summer, taking stuff to the house from the trunk of their car -- back and forth to their trash barrel, watched a sasquatch standing in the middle of their driveway watching them. They froze, just looking at each other, then went back into the house but didn't know what to do. The phone was not connected and they were not armed. "We heard they were around these parts for years, but never seen one before this," he told the investigator. "We don't know what it was doing there, but when we got nerve to look out again, it was gone anyway. It was dark brown to black and very tall with shoulder bulk. I guess they do exist." Several 15 inch tracks were found in the dirt.
* April 2001 a large sasquatch described as like the Patterson film creature crossed the road near the town of Etna, California around 11 o'clock Thursday night with a smaller sasquatch in tow. The informants said the creatures were clear in their highbeam headlights and did not look at their on coming car. They both were quite black in color and in a hurry crossing in a southerly direction. The larger one seemed larger than what the informants saw in the Patterson film, but witnesses claimed it could have been their imagination, stating they only saw the Patterson film once on television but felt it was the same kind of

upright walking "something."
1999 On the morning of May 9, a 25-year old woman known in the area as a volunteer firefighter said she saw an 8-foot tall Bigfoot apparently trying to catch fish in Ewing Reservoir, north of Hayfork. The woman said she got within about 70 feet before the creature saw her and disappeared into the woods. "Her story sounds pretty credible," according to the late Bob Everett
Maine, Gardner, Washington County, Maine 2005 - Richard "Dick" Brown of Sidney, Maine and a Wendigo researcher for 40 years reports the tracks he found was on 12 January 2005. They were 1 mile north of Route 201 in Gardner, Maine. They measured 16" long,
7 inches at toes. The stride was 7 ft. It was at 2:30 pm. "The tracks
went for a mile then I quit."
* Labor Day Weekend 2004
Post grad zoology student and his girl friend witnessed a huge bigfoot dive into the Mooselookmeguntic Lake at dusk. They did not see it surface, but it was by then dark outside.
* Louisiana, Summer 2000 - Current ongoing discussions and investigations of Bigfoot sightings in and around Pineville, Louisiana near Toledo Bend Lake.
* From Bobbie Short newsletter, The Province Newspaper Article, July 2000, "Man Caught between two bears and a Sasquatch" Suquamish, Washington July 14, 2000
Suquamish, Washington --- After forest manager David Mills reported seeing a creature in late June, Suquamish police told him there have been several similar reports lately.
As a forestry manager with the Suquamish Indian tribe, Mills knows his way around the woods. So he's positive that what he saw was a sasquatch, a large, mysterious ape-like creature also known as bigfoot. He was checking out some young trees and kept hearing a noises in the woods. But when he'd turn, he wouldn't see anything. Then the hair on the back of his neck stood up.
"I watched this hairy thing on two legs," he said. "It used its left arm to lift up a branch and walked about 50 feet. He turned in my direction and saw I was watching him, and ducked behind a tree."
Mills snuck into the tree line and moved closer to the creature. It started screeching and pounding on the back of a tree with what sounded like a rock, he said. He kept trying to get closer, but the sasquatch would make a ruckus every time he took a few steps.
Then he heard the woofing and jaw-smacking he recognized as a bear to his left. As he moved, he realized he'd come within six meters of its cub. The mother bear came out of the brush, but she ignored Mills - an odd move for a bear with a stranger between her and her cub. "Her anger wasn't directed at me, it was...to the right, at the noise it (sasquatch) was making behind the tree," he said. With two bears and a sasquatch nearby, Mills decided it was time to leave. "I flew down that hill. Then I just hopped in my truck and locked up the gate and left

the area." The creature was nearly three meters tall and had black, shiny fur all over its body, Mills said. The screeching sounds it made matched those he's heard of a sasquatch recorded years ago on the Lummi Indian reservation near Bellingham.
It also looked just like the other one he says he saw while working in the Olympics for the National Forest Service in 1995. It was kneeling by a creek when he and another worker came upon it, and it took one look at them and disappeared in two steps. When he reported his June sighting to the police in Suquamish, a village 20 kilometers northwest of Seattle across Puget Sound, an officer said he wasn't the only person to see a sasquatch in the area lately. When Patrick Julian heard Mills' story, he went to see for himself. Julian is a volunteer field investigator with a group called Bigfoot Central. "David was very credible," Julian said. "He sees bears back in the woods, he knows the difference between bears and bigfoot."
Plus, there was a partial footprint in a muddy patch where Mills said he saw the creature. The track was 18 centimetres wide, [8 inches] which would make the foot about 40 centimetres long, [15.7 inches] Julian said.
The Province Newspaper, British Columbia, Canada Article courtesy George Raitt; Sent to Bobbie Short Tuesday 14 Nov 2000
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* From Bobbie Short newsletter
A replay for newbies: 1792 - One of the oldest written descriptions of a Sasquatch-like creature comes from Jose Mariano Mozino, a Spanish botanist naturalist who accompanied Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra during his exploration of the coast of British Columbia in 1792. Mozino wrote of the Matlox people: "an inhabitant of the mountainous country, of whom all have an unspeakable terror."
"They figure it has a monstrous body all covered with black animal hair; the head like a human but the eye teeth very sharp and strong, like those of the bear; the arms being very large, and the toes and fingers armed with large curved nails. The howl fell to the ground those that hear them. And he smashes into a thousand pieces the unfortunate on whom a blow of his hand falls." Mozino's descriptions could also apply to the Boqs, a familiar figure to the Bella Coola First Nation Canadians of Northern British Columbia's central coast miles north of Vancouver. According to anthropologist T. E. McIlwraith of the University of Toronto, the Boqs (Sasquatch) "somewhat resembles a man, in its hands especially and the region around the eyes being distinctly human. It walks on its hind legs, in a stooping posture, its long arms swinging below its knees: in height it is rather greater than the average man. With the exception of its face, the entire body is covered with long hair, the growth being especially profuse on the chest, which is large, corresponding to the great strength of the animal."

renowned game-guide-grizzly-hunter-tracker outfitter who was born and raised in the Bella Coola area by the name of Clayton Mack, a Nuxalk. In his book, "Grizzlies and White Guys" is a chapter devoted to the stories of sightings, encounters and field observations of Boqs, which inhabited the Bella Coola region. Many of them uniquely interesting and a worthwhile read. http://www.n2.net/prey/bigfoot/stories/mack.htm
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BillgreenBg@aol.com
hi Ella & everyone I found a line of possible sasquatch footprints near the railroad in Bristol, CT; they were about 14 inches long they had no toe marks but I did see heel outlines on the prints; they were in the snow heading down a small creek area. I took some photos of them; I will have them developed in a month or later because I still have film in my camera. It looks like the prints were made sometime last week. There a total of 12 footprints found today. I'm still researching the area. Please feel free to mention this find in forums/ newsletters etc. Bill Green
* FROM Peterrubec@cs.com I Have Had Other Sightings During My Own Expeditions in That Area (AZ). People Always Ask, Where Are The Tracks, The Bigfoot Follows The Cow Paths And It Is A Vegetarian, It Eats Roots, Scallions{ A Type Of Onion}, fish and berries of All sorts that I know of.
Subject: Bigfoot Encounter Full-Name: Roger A Peterson
The Encounter happened in May 1987 at Painted Rock Lake about 30 Miles North-West of Gila Bend, Arizona. I and My Four Friends were on a weekend fishing trip. The only one with a rifle was me, so I was responsible For the group. We arrived at the lake about 5:30 pm and loaded ourselves down with our supplies to stay overnight, right up against the face of the dam. As We walked the distance of about two thousand yards to the dam through salt cedars taller than us, we knew we
were there for the night, No chance walking out in the dark. The dam is very high and to the north of us was a sheer cliff a few hundred feet high, The dam to the east...south was impassible salt cedars, and one way into the west, which you did not try to navigate at night with all the rattlesnakes and other wild animals around such as coyotes and mountain lions. As I said, we were in for the night. Just before dark we all saw special forces personnel on quad runners and three wheelers with high powered weapons and tranquilizer guns, but we paid them no mind, We were after catfish. Everything was fine until about 2:00 O'clock in the Morning. We heard rumblings in the bushes all around us, and it was rather unnerving because I was the only one armed, and that was only with a 410 single shot shotgun.
The noises stopped so I dozed off. To my surprise this was a night with a full moon, so besides our Coleman lantern, you could

see pretty good. As I was laying there half asleep, it all the sudden got dark and it awakened me only to see this huge hairy thing not 10 Feet above me! I shiver to this day just writing you about it. All I Said was, "Oh Great-A damn Bigfoot." I thought I was dreaming, but I was not. There it was right above my head!
I got to my feet, and it took off into the darkness. I cannot be sure, but I think it was a female because It had what appeared to be breasts. One Of My Friends was just outside camp taking a relief, and I yelled to him, "Look Out," and he came running back to camp scared to death. Evidently he ran straight into it coming back to camp. By this time we were all wide awake, and my other three friends were armed with nothing but hunting knives, and we all stood guard in all directions. My other friend was so scared he was useless to us. We were boxed in and no way out till daylight. Then came that god awful yell and we were scared out of our skins. The rumblings in the bushes returned and then we heard the fish in the slough going crazy, and we found out why. Not 15 feet from us stood this huge creature in the middle of the water! This thing stood about 9 feet tall, I know because I stand 6 feet tall and in that water it came right up to my neck, but on this creature, It barely came up to it's waist.
We were terrified as it stood there looking at us. I did not want to shoot, God help me, because I was not sure. It looked almost human! I was keeping my rifle pointed at it, just in case. Then our lantern started running low on fuel and we had no backup except our fire. We soon found the bright lantern light was the only thing keeping it back.
Lantern low on fuel, we decided to build the fire as high as we could and refuel the lantern fast. My friends did so, and I held my shotgun on it. Just as the lantern went out; it charged straight for me so I fired at point blank range, dead in this things chest, but it did not go down! My friends got the lantern going and there it stood holding the right side of Its chest. It just looked at us and then it turned and it cut through the waist high water onto the opposite shore, 25 feet away, in seconds, and crashed through the trees and it started yelling again. About this time it was approximately 4:30 am and We were praying for the sun to rise so we could get out of there! When morning came, we investigated and we found the prints and we found blood from whatever it was. We saw the hole the thing made when it crashed through the trees the night before, and it was big enough for us to walk through; no problem. We did not stick around. We got the hell out of there. As we made our way to my truck, we saw two special forces agents. One remarked to the other, "well at least one of those guys was smart enough to be armed." We said nothing and got the heck Out! Nobody believed us when we reported our encounter to the police and Game Warden, and here is the funniest part. Two days later the Game Warden tried to arrest me for shooting an Endangered Species. When I told him, "You arrest me, but first you have to tell me what it was I allegedly shot." He then backed down from arresting me, but told me to stay where I could be found for further questioning.

I swear I am not making this up, it actually happened and I really fell apart two weeks later on my birthday. My brother showed me a sketch of what he had seen that was not accurate, deliberately, so he would know with my completing the sketch, he knew we had really had this encounter. To this day it still scares me to death. I was 31 years old then, but today I can still see and hear it as if it were yesterday. Roger A. Peterson

Bobbie Short comments on above report

I remain skeptical for the simple reason Gila Bend Arizona is a ghost town extraordinaire. Most usually when I head east into Arizona on Interstate 8 east I detour at Gila Bend to head north to catch Interstate 10 into Phoenix, AZ. The average day time heat in May runs 110 to 125 degrees and once I drove it at night and it was 111 degrees close to midnight, outdoors at the gas station there, the pump handles almost too hot to hold.

It is wide open desert, sand and scrub for hours driving either way. There is nothing there living but Gila monsters, other reptiles and an occasional hawk circling overhead. I found no mountain lion tracks, no coyote tracks, only a sidewinder and other snake trails. I remember thinking if I were stranded, there is no way I could walk out of there alive in that heat.

There is little sustenance to support life and if a sasquatch was in that area, it's hard for me to understand how it could walk barefooted on earth scorched from heat, so hot it burns through my boots. One can fry eggs on it. Traveling at speeds of 70 mph, it takes me 5 hours to cross that desert...one can only imagine how long it would take sasquatch to cross it and in that heat with little to no water except the reservoir. There is a sketch of a map of the area on the website; the creature could have been following the river, which in May is not totally dried up. At any rate, I did circle the reservoir for as long as I could stand the heat and found nothing, not even the usual mound of red ants. If a sasquatch was there, he's one tough bunny! ...it is a hell hole of hot desert sand and I'll never stop there again. Whew!! I could never make heads or tails of this report. Bobbie Short

(Sounds a bit fantastic to me also, Ray)

MISCELANEOUS

* Credit, Ben Blake: danegeld2@msn.com

<http://www.japantimes.co.jp/cgi-bin/getarticle.pl5?fe20050210rh.htm>

A long, 900,000-unit stretch of DNA didn't correspond to the pattern in the standard human genome: The section was inverted, flipped in the opposite direction. The scientists discovered, to their surprise, was that women with the flipped region had slightly more children on average (3.2 percent more)than those who didn't have the flip. Over evolutionary time, 3.2 percent is a huge difference. The inversion has been around for about 3

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million years. But modern humans only came out of Africa some 150,000 years ago. So where did the ancient inversion come from? One possibility that excites anthropologists is that it came as a result of interbreeding with an older form of hominid.

* October 4, 2004 Roger Knights letter

Dear Scientific American: Michael Shermer is the most effective and believable of the leading skeptics because he is non-doctrinaire, reasonable, and has a light touch. In his October column, for instance, he deftly listed several of the fairy-tale attributes of Plato's Atlantis (e.g., ivory rooftops, 600,000 archers, etc.) and then entertainingly crystallized the average reader's reaction with, "Your myth detection alarm should be going off about now." However, he's sometimes succumbed to the temptation of mere partisanship. For instance, in his May 2003 column on cryptids ("Show Me the Body") He dismissed sighting reports thus: "in the words of social scientist Frank J. Sulloway-words that should be elevated to a maxim: 'Anecdotes do not make a science. Ten anecdotes are no better than one, and a hundred anecdotes are no better than ten.'"

Wrong. Uncontrolled observations (a synonym for "anecdotal evidence") do have a valid use in science: to contradict sweeping generalizations, such as "All crows are black" and "There are no Bigfeet." Furthermore, quantity does count: the more white-crow sightings there are, the likelier one of them is to be true. (In general and up to a point.) [Dismissing uncontrolled observations as "anecdotal evidence" is appropriate only when the inference being drawn from them requires a large and statistically representative sample to support it. For example, if a person were to respond to Sulloway's thesis-that first-borns are more frequently conservatives than the rest of the population-by citing a thousand non-conservative first-borns, he would be handling evidence in an "anecdotal" or unscientific (non-statistical) manner, and the instances he cited could be dismissed out of hand as irrelevant. Such unsupportable extrapolations are what give the specialized term "anecdotal evidence" its stigma. But Believers in the significance of sighting reports are NOT extrapolating; they are sticking strictly to brass tacks. So even though they put forward anecdotes as evidence, they are not presenting "anecdotal evidence," in the pejorative sense of the term.-RK]

|Also, "anecdotal," as used in medicine, typically connotes "occasional" or "scattered" or "rare," all adding up to "a blip on the screen" or "a hiccup in the data." When there is a torrent of anecdotes, a more respectful phrase is usually applied, such as "reports from the field."-RK]

If Shermer had attacked "eyewitness testimony," he'd have been arguing responsibly. But he'd thereby have weakened his rhetoric by using a phrase without a completely negative connotation. The damning connotation of "anecdotal evidence" has more persuasive power and that, together with the face-value appropriateness of its terms, makes it tempting to "innocently" misuse-especially if one is dying to Bash the Believers. There's a

place for that, but not in a column labeled "Skeptic," which implicitly lays claim to a more disinterested stance. (In a column labeled "Scoftic" such verbal sleights of hand wouldn't be so annoying.) [The position that anecdotes should not be "weighed in the scale" is not held entirely in good faith, but is in part a polemical pose. Scoftics secretly believe that anecdotes carry some weight, as backhandedly indicated by their occasional reliance on anecdotal testimony to discredit other evidence. For instance, if there were Too Few Bigfoot sighting reports, scoftics would point to King Kong's near-invisibility as a reason to laugh off his "screams" as misinterpretations of ordinary animal noises, and to dismiss his "footprints" as hoaxes. If OTOH there were Too Many sightings, scoftics would say such a common creature should have been shot or caught on tape. -RK]

Shermer also misled the unwary reader with the assertion, "for a time these other chimeras warranted our limited exploratory resources." "Our"mis-implied either that science had used its own discretion to distribute portions of funding from private sources, or that the US government had once allocated funding to the study of cryptids. "Limited" subtly hinted that every dollar spent on these absurd snipe hunts means a day's delay in the discovery of (e.g.) a cure for cancer.

"Limited" also mis-implied "limited." The US government is not poverty stricken-at least not yet. The NSF's budget for 2005 is a non-negligible $5.75 billion, so it has sufficient wherewithal to divert a few drops to a Bigfoot Bucket. (To put it more formally, to commit, say, .05%-i.c., almost $2.9 million-of its funding to an Office For Anomalies' Research.)

If OFAR found nothing, that would still be money well spent, as a stream of fruitless OFAR-sponsored searches and evidence-analyses would convert many believers into fence-sitters, and many fence-sitters into disbelievers. (Findings would rarely be inconclusive, unlike research into alternative medicine, where "Improvement?" (etc.) is "open to interpretation.") For instance, suppose every examination of Bigfoot hair samples using proton-emission (PIXE) testing and immunological reaction testing revealed them to have come from a known species-Bigfoot Buffs. Skeptics would then have a powerful weapon, as they could say, "For ten years the government has offered a reward of up to $1 million for evidence of Bigfoot's existence, depending on its strength, but nothing that passes the giggle test has turned up. If that doesn't tell you something, you're invincibly ignorant." Skeptics who appreciate the subtle insidiousness of this judo-style tactic should become OFAR's most aggressive proponents, as its long-term effect would be to spread skepticism, and elevate it.

And funding would have another benefit-it would be insurance against the downside of Discovery by a Bigfoot Buff. In the unlikely event that Kalifornia's King Kong turned out to be a reality, it would be prudent for Science to get the credit, not some Kook. Furthermore, if Discovery didn't occur for twenty years,

and if other relict hominids abroad (like the almas of the Caucuses) were thereupon presumed to have gone extinct in the interim due to insufficient protective measures, Science (and the Skeptics' movement) would be blamed for malign neglect. They'd "never hear the end of it"-nor deserve to. Extraordinary claims require investigation. (Sometimes.) Roger Knights
* http://www.maryland bigfootresearch.org/
Rip Lyttle's new website of Maryland Bigfoot interest.
* From the Sydney Morning Herald: 'Hobbit' just a little man with small brain Deborah Smith, Science Editor, February 19, '05
A scientist under fire for examining the so-called hobbit bones says the priceless remains will be returned to the Australian and Indonesian team that discovered them on Monday.
In a development that could spark another international scientific furor, Maciej Henneberg, of the Department of Anatomical Sciences at the University of Adelaide, also said about two grams of bone fragments from the tiny humans had been sent from Indonesia to the Max Planck Institute in Germany for DNA analysis. Professor Henneberg dismissed criticism from Australian scientists that he should not have studied the remains while they were in the disputed possession of an Indonesian scientist, Teuku Jacob. He said his 3-day examination of the skull and bones of the most complete specimen of Homo floresiensis had confirmed his opinion that it was not a "hobbit", but a modern human with a brain-shrinking deformity called microcephaly. "There is absolutely no doubt this person had a growth disorder." lain Davidson, professor of archaeology and paleoanthropology at the University of New England, told the Herald on Thursday that he was extremely concerned Professor Henneberg and Alan Thorne, of the Australian National University, had examined the bones after Professor Jacob seized them. "No scientist should have any truck with stolen remains,' Professor Davidson said. Professor Mike Morwood, of the University of New England, the leader of the team that found the remains of seven "hobbits" on the Indonesian island of Flores in 2003 and 2004, and Professor Peter Brown, also of the University of New England, who described the new species of humans, are
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so furious about the actions of the two Australian researchers. The bones were taken last December before they had been studied by the discovery team and any DNA extracted. Professor Jacob, of Gadjah Mada University in Yogyakarta, reneged on an agreement to return them by January 1. Professor Henneberg and Dr Thorne said they disagreed with Professor Morwood that Professor Jacob's actions had breached a legal agreement between the Australian and Indonesian research institutes. They said the head of the Indonesian team, Professor Radien Soejono, had had the right to ask Professor Jacob's

opinion, and he, in turn, theirs. "Had Morwood had the sense to realise the national, intellectual and historical importance of Jacob, this whole mess might not have eventuated," Dr Thorne said.

* Neanderthals were 'adults by 15', By Paul Rincon, BBC News Online science staff The Neanderthals reached adulthood at the tender age of 15 according to a report in the journal Nature. French and Spanish researchers analysed growth records preserved in the teeth of Neanderthals, modern humans and two other human species. Breaks in the deposition of crown enamel reveal how fast teeth grow. Neanderthals formed their crowns 15% quicker than we do, reaching adulthood when modern humans of the same age were still floundering in adolescence. When you have a high mortality, you have two evolutionary solutions. One is to have a short growth period, the other is to have many offspring at once Fernando Ramirez Rozzi, CNRS Perikymata are disturbances in the deposition of crown enamel which are preserved on the tooth's surface as a series of horizontal ridges. More closely spaced perikymata indicate a slower rate of growth, while more widely spaced perikymata point to faster growth. In modern humans (Homo sapiens), tooth growth slows dramatically after the formation of the top half of the crown. This leads to more closely spaced perikymata in the bottom half of the crown.

Speed of life In the Nature report, Fernando Ramirez Rozzi and Jose Bermudez de Castro analysed incisors and canines from 119 individual human remains from Europe spanning a time period of about 800,000 years. They found that perikymata were generally more widely spaced in primitive humans such as Neanderthals, Homo heidelbergensis and Homo antecessor than in our own species. But Neanderthals had the most widely spaced perikymata of all. The authors argue that this indicates Neanderthals grew more rapidly overall. This rapid rate of growth could have been an evolutionary outcome of high adult mortality in Neanderthal populations, they claim.

"When you have a high mortality, you have two evolutionary solutions. One is to have a short growth period, the other is to have many offspring at once," Dr Ramirez Rozzi, of the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique in Paris, France, told BBC News Online. "But in humans it is not a viable option to have more than two or three offspring at once. So I would suggest that the high mortality in Neanderthals was the selective pressure responsible for their rapid growth." Professor Christopher Dean of University College London told BBC News Online: "I sense that the authors are right. But they haven't looked at any internal histology on the teeth and they haven't looked at molars. "I think in future, the priority needs to be to look at the molars because they're really crucial in establishing life history.'

Brain gain; Some researchers have linked slower development to increased brain size over the course of human evolution. But the Neanderthals seem to follow a reverse evolutionary trend, with fast growth and a big brain. The results might suggest

this trend could be completely random, said Dr Ramirez Rozzi.
Dr Christoph Zollikofer, an anthropologist at the University of Zurich, Switzerland, said the work agreed very well with examinations of Neanderthal and modern human skulls he has carried out with his co-collaborator Marcia Ponce de Leon.
"1
"Neanderthals had probably the same pace of brain development as modern humans," he told BBC News Online.
"But as soon as this was approximately finished, by the age of three or four, Neanderthals were still on a very fast time course to reach adulthood.
"Modern humans gained
-time in terms of their
cognitive development. If
you develop more slowly
you can learn more."
The results bolster the
theory that Neanderthals
were committed
carnivores. They must
have had a very high-
calorie diet to fuel their rapid growth and sustain such a large brain. Story from BBC NEWS:
http://news.bbc.co.uk/go/pr/fr/-/1/hi/sci/tech/3663865.stm
* CR: Esther Schritter, 2/23/05: ontheloose@hotmail.com
Legends of the Red - Bigfoot
Bigfoot Legends of Texoma, 12 First News
2-18-05 - Most of America has heard the legends of Bigfoot - but some of those legends were born in southeast Oklahoma. In fact, the tiny community of Honobia is a hotbed of Bigfoot research and activity. Some residents say they've seen the creatures up close - giant beasts standing on two feet, yet covered with hair. More man-like than ape, witnesses say they stand taller than eight feet and leave footprints more than fifteen inches long.
In 1951, Billy Ludlow says he came face to face with bigfoot. It was a warm summer day, and the 11-year-old was playing with friends at the bridge over the Little River. "When I turned around it was a big, old hairy person, or a thing with what looked like broad shoulders," Billy says. He and his cousins ran away.
But they're not alone when it comes to sighting in these woods along the Pushmataha and Leflore county lines, nestled in the Kiamichi Mountains.Brothers Rick and Charles Branson have been in Honobia all their lives. They've worked these woods as loggers and know the woods like the back of their hands. They're believers. "We found brushes broke off as high as you could reach. That's part of their territory marking procedure, you see."
And one of the most famous stories happened back in 2000. The Humphreys family was terrorized by the creatures, who would knock on their windows and take venison from the freezer on their porch. Others tell of hearing strange noises in the woods at night - screeching noises, and the sounds of boulders being tossed.
Forest rangers have taken countless reports about the rock

phenomenon. Laugh if you will, but even the Associated Press wrote an article about the Humphreys encounter. Bigfoot experts tell us there have been more sightings in recent years because more and more of the woods have been cut down and the creatures habitat has been invaded.
* Rip Lyttle would like to have those interested in Bigfoot in Maryland check out his website:
www.marylandbigfootresearch.org
Christopher "Doc" Keefauver is calling for volunteers for an expedition into northern Yola Bolly wilderness (mud springs area)near Hayfork, Ca. to search for signs of Bigfoot in the summer of 2005. Members (male or female) must be 18 years of age, provide their own food and equipment, and be experienced in wilderness survival, this will be a hike and camp type of expedition 3-4 days in duration searching creek bottoms, trails and ridges for any signs of the elusive creature. The final date of the expedition- is still open. Interested parties may contact;
[AD] "Doc" Keefauver, PhD; 530-628-5303
Keefauver2002@yaho0o.com
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Note: He is an expert on field medical procedures, and can be contacted concerning medicines, supplies, etc. to carry into the field while on your own expedition.
* CRYPTO LETTER
[AD] Subscribe to the CRYPTO LETTER for only $12.00 a year, that's only $1.00 a month for 12 issues, s/h included. Send to Ronnie Roseman, 118 West 41st St, Vancouver, WA 98660
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CHECK/MO TO RONALD ROSEMAN

* Book Review by Ronnie Roseman
Bigfoot Exposed, David J. Daegling, $24.95 paper, Jan 2005, 288 [AD] pages, Telephone 301-459-3366, ISBN 0-7591-0539-1
ANTHROPOLOGIST EXPOSES HIMSELF
"Bigfoot Exposed" is based on ambiguous armchair research, negligence, supposition and ignorance of the subject. The only thing Mr. Daegling exposes in this book is his incredulous nature and poor scholarship.
Daegling's many suggestions of how the footprints and the Patterson film could have been done is beyond ambiguous, it is stupid. There are many oxymoron statements in "Bigfoot Exposed." Daegling states "Professional scientists are in my opinion ill prepared to study Bigfoot," Daegling is obviously ill prepared to study Bigfoot. In his opinion does this mean that he's a professional?
After reading "Bigfoot Exposed," in my opinion. those scientists who are not so professional should definitely stay away from the study of Bigfoot. Daegling says "It's poor scholarship to omit evidence because it would be unfavorable to their view or hypothesis, yet Daegling omits information in "Bigfoot Exposed" to favor his position, he ignores Indian history. He submitted frame 72 of the Patterson - Gimlin film to favor his position on the Achilles tendon, while omitting frame 323, which shows the Achilles tendon connecting to the elongated heel naturally.
PATTY FILM - On the Patterson film Daegling suggests everything from water bags inside a suit for muscle flexion to pillows in the rump for the massive buttocks. Nuff said.
FOOTPRINTS - - Daegling connects Ray Wallace as faking the footprints found for years in Northern California, when in fact none of Ray's fake feet match any of the prints from Patterson film sight. Tracks taken by Jerry Crew, or the "Double Ball," tracks, with this in mind Daegling suggests Wallace had many tracks and their could be different tracks somewhere that nobody knows about. Daegling tries to belittle the credibility of eye witnesses.
SIGHTINGS-
Mr. Daegling demands "The advocates," (as he refers to those who believe in the existence of an unknown bipedal primate we call Bigfoot), explain how eye witness accounts are credible.
Mr. Daegling attributes all eyewitness accounts to liars, misidentification and hallucination. To state that all the reported sightings from hunters, military people, judges, law enforcement, forest rangers and other professional people are not credible is ludicrous. Professional people who have described these creatures in clear view and close proximity making identification undeniable, not to mention the risks of being evaluated for competency, and other sufferings that go along with reporting sightings.
SOUNDS
As far as sounds go, there is no need to go there,
Daegling explains at the beginning of the book he couldn't identify

a buck calling. A few more words from Mr. Daegling, "Essential to any scientific endeavor is the ideal of scholarship.'
Well said Mr. Daegling.
Craig Woolheater is discontinuing his Texas Bigfoot report.
The following is Issue #5. craigw@texasbigfoot.com
Texas Bigfoot Report
John Green's Willow Creek Presentation (Sept '03)
Most of you will have noticed that I am not Jane Goodall, and you may well be wondering why I have been asked to fill her spot at this symposium. Well, you are missing the obvious. We have the same initials. That Dr. Goodall has been unable to keep her commitment to speak here is most unfortunate.Her presence might well have focused the attention of the media on the fact, which they have so far largely succeeded in ignoring, that scientists of world-wide reputation are starting to take a serious look at the evidence that humans are not the only bipedal primates on Earth. That, in my opinion, is the current development that holds the greatest promise for the future of Bigfoot/sasquatch investigation. It is by no means just Jane Goodall.
In recent years I have had considerable contact with: George Schaller, director of science for the Wildlife Conservation Society; Esteban Sarmiento, primate specialist at the American Museum of Natural History; Russel Mittermeier, president of Conservation International and chairman of the world-wide Primate Specialist Group, and Daris Swindler, author of the atlas of comparative anatomy of man and chimpanzee. All but Dr. Mittermeier have spent time examining the Skookum cast.
All of them are on our side. They have all stated, all but one of them publicly, that the evidence already accumulated establishes the case for full scientific participation in getting to the bottom of this matter. Dr. Mittermeier told me that he has long considered taking up the hunt himself-and he told Jeff Meldrum that he would not fear being criticized for doing so, because he and his team have already discovered several other unknown primates. Dr. Swindler, whom I have known for more than 30 years, has appeared in documentaries on this subject in the past as the obligatory skeptical scientist. Now, after careful examination of the best heel print in the Skookum cast, he has expressed the conviction that it is the heel print of a large unknown primate - and he would be here with us today if his health permitted. With this high-profile support, and with the increasing number of less eminent but fully-qualified zoologists and physical anthropologists who are already participating at their own expense, the time may well be near when scientific institutions with resources and funding will join us in our search.
All that, however, is in the future, and I am really about the past. The number of individuals and groups now participating in the investigation and the amount of information now available on the internet have gone far beyond my ability to monitor, and my own recent efforts have produced nothing worthy of the keynote position that has been assigned to me here.

What I do have is experience, nearly a half century of it, so mainly I will talk about that. I would like to start with a few words about Bob Titmus. Those of you who have had a chance to go through the Bigfoot wing of the Willow Creek museum will have noted that most of the items exhibited are his and you have probably made the connection that without him there would be no Bigfoot wing and we wouldn't be holding this symposium.
What you may not realize is that without Bob Titmus there would have been no magazine articles by Ivan Sanderson, no expeditions funded by Tom Slick, no movie by Roger Patterson, no

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ooks by John Green or Grover Krantz or John Bindernagel - nd in all probability most of you would never have heard of Bigfoot. Bob never wrote a book and never sought publicity, so he never became well known, but not even Rene Dahinden dedicated his life to the hunt for Bigfoot to the extent that Bob did, and no one in the 40 years that he was active accomplished anything to compare with whathe accomplished.
If you think that statement is extreme, try to think of anyone else whose original materials - not clippings or copies - could form the basis for a substantial museum exhibit. And yet almost all of this is from California. The bulk of his time was spent in British Columbia and the material from the most productive period, when he was able to spend full time in the hunt, was lost when his boat burned and sank while he was on shore.
Bob was a hunter all his life, and was also a master taxidermist, so he knew a lot more about animal sign and animal anatomy than most of us. He also had almost unlimited patience and perseverance, great assets when looking for individual hairs in The underbrush. What's more, his subconscious mind was tuned to continuously check out animal tracks from a moving car no matter what else had his attention, the way most of us are subconsciously aware of the traffic around us.
From the time in 1958 when his old friend Jerry Crew came back from the Bluff Creek road job with a cast that proved that the huge tracks were not just big bear tracks, Bob devoted all the time he could afford to the search for the track maker.
Initial success came quickly. After only a few weeks he and his friend Ed Patrick, who is here today, found on a sandbar in Bluff Creek slightly smaller tracks of distinctly different shape, proving that "Bigfoot" was not just a freak individual, but a member of a population. The casts that Bob made on that early occasion are on display in the museum, and are still among the best ever made anywhere. Progress was much slower after that, and a few years later Bob abandoned his beloved taxidermy, selling his business so that he could spend full time in what was then a hot area on the coast of British Columbia. There he suffered back injuries that left him fighting extreme pain for the rest of his life, but he kept

up the hunt, including many returns for weeks or months at Bluff Creek. On one of those trips he made his invaluable series of footprint casts from the Patterson film site, and on another he drained a pond to get at what I consider are probably the only genuine hand impressions ever cast. Another accomplishment, which should have settled this whole matter years ago, was gathering one by one from twigs where he had reason to believe a sasquatch had passed, a set of hairs that were identified by radioimmunoassay as having to be either chimpanzee, gorilla or human. The eminent scientist who made the identification had previously established by the same method that chimpanzees are more closely related to humans than to gorillas, a finding since confirmed through DNA, so that identification was as good as saying "it's something close to all three but not any of them." Bob knew they were not human hairs, because there were guard hairs that all tapered to a point, while human guard hairs, all on the head, grow continuously and have cut-off ends.

That they weren't chimp or gorilla hairs was equally obvious, since they were brown and found on twigs in a California forest. That they were something different from all three could have been established in minutes with a comparison microscope, but the scientist had ground up every hair. I spent a lot of time with Bob and I could tell stories that you would find a lot more entertaining than what I am actually going to say, but my main role in this investigation, especially in recent years, has been the collection and study of information, and since I have been at it for so long and since I no longer write books, I believe that I should use this opportunity to pass on to you some of what I think I have learned. Let me stress that I am speaking strictly about just one form of unrecognized bipedal primate, the huge one that makes the enormous footprints in North America. There are others described, particularly in Eurasia that I don't pretend to know much about, and those that are a lot smaller presumably have a very different history. Also I should warn you that some of the things I have to say will be things many of you don't want to hear, and may refuse to accept. Being, like a lot of sasquatch hunters, a contrary sort of person, I'll get to that part right away.

First, and foremost, we are not involved in a story that can be shaped to fit our own fantasies, and it is not necessarily one with a happy ending. Most of us probably started out with a mental image of what these creatures are, but if we aren't prepared to amend it to fit the facts as we learn them we are not likely to accomplish anything. Most of us also want to believe that our efforts will be beneficial to the sasquatch in the future. I sincerely hope that will be the eventual result, but experience suggests that a disturbing episode will come first. The evidence is crystal clear that we are dealing with animals, not semi-humans or super-humans. That means that anything that any of us do towards proving that sasquatch exist brings closer the day when zoologists and physical anthropologists will take over from the amateurs. They will want to study these creatures in every possible way, and some, I expect, will get official permission to collect for

dissection not one, but severall am, of course, familiar with the argument that we should only study sasquatch the way Dr. Goodall studies chimpanzees, and such methods will certainly be tried. I doubt, however that they will prove to be practical with creatures that are so much more mobile in their home environment than humans, and even if they are practical, they cannot provide all the information that will be wanted.

The anatomy of creatures that walk in much the same way that humans do is going to be studied in detail. To do that effectively will involve dissection, and will require more than one cadaver, because the cuts made while exploring one bodily system destroy the others. You may consider what I have described so horrifying that it will never be allowed, and attitudes towards animal rights may have changed to the point where that will be the case, but 30 years ago I was shown a freezer full of chimpanzees stacked up like cordwood awaiting dissection for just such a study.

So if your top priority is to make sure that no sasquatch is killed, your most logical course is to do what over the years quite a few like-minded people have already done-drop the whole thing and hope, although of course it won't happen, that everyone else will do the same. I call these big creatures sasquatch because that is the name for them where I come from, far older than "Bigfoot", and not so suggestive that there is only one of them.

But why do I call them animals? Not just because of what I have learned about them in the last 46 years, but more because of what scientists have learned during that period about human origins. Fossil finds have established that more than a million years ago our forbears had already lost the primate's best natural weapons, fighting teeth. And for evolution to reduce their dental armament until it became no better than our own must have required a similar previous period when those small, slow bipeds had weapons in their hands. That gives some idea of the almost unimaginable amount of time that human ancestors spent relying more and more on mental adaptations, mastering the use of weapons and tools, precise communication and group co-ordination, in order to survive on the dangerous African plains and become what we are today. The idea that creatures, which emerged from that time period, equipped with magnificent physical adaptations also acquired mental abilities similar or superior to our own may have romantic appeal but it is evolutionary nonsense. But they walk upright like us, so they must be our close relatives. Something as unusual as upright bipedalism couldn't have evolved twice. That is a compelling common-sense argument, but science has recently blown a huge hole in it. Among the few higher primates known to exist there are two very unusual methods of locomotion, one is upright bipedalism, the other is knuckle walking. We are the only recognized bipeds, but there are two knuckle-walking groups, chimpanzees and gorillas.

Although chimpanzees are far more arboreal than gorillas their feet are very similar, and like gorillas they have special pads for

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walking on the backs of their fingers. Common sense says that such odd adaptations must have a common origin, so chimps And gorillas must be each other's closest relatives. Immune reactions and DNA analysis, however, both say that the chimpanzee's nearest relative is us. Knuckle walking, therefore, must have evolved after the gorilla's ancestors started their own branch of the family tree, and chimpanzees and gorillas must have evolved it separately. I am not submitting that as proof that humans and sasquatch evolved upright bipedalism separately, but it does prove that it could have happened, and considering that our DNA is almost identical to that of chimpanzees and bonobos, the chance that we are even more closely related to sasquatch seems to me to be a very slim one. The other thing I have to say that may well upset some of you is this. There is nothing new about people claiming that they have been able to make detailed observations of sasquatches and know all about their appearance and behavior. People with stories like that have turned up numerous times in the past 45 years, and so far the end result has always been disappointment. If you are involved with such a person, be cautious. I have watched former colleagues get so deeply committed and then so sharply disillusioned that it soured them on the whole subject and they dropped out. Similarly there is nothing new about people believing they see or hear or smell evidence of sasquatch presence almost every time they go out in the woods.

But unidentified sounds and smells are just that, unidentified sounds and smells, and shapes found in photographs that could be sasquatches could also not be. There are other agencies besides sasquatch that can take food, make beds of vegetation, break trees and branches, move rocks, pound on things or make interesting depressions in the ground. There have been cases where people have gone far beyond any reasonable extreme to fool someone with manufactured evidence of sasquatch presence, and also cases where people have gone pretty far to fool themselves. Try not to add to that list. All of us surely hope that some day some such story will be proved to be true, and at my age I tend to wish very hard that it will happen soon, but my experience offers no reason for optimism. Many years ago I decided that people who saw so much and knew so much were a long way ahead of me, so they had no need of my help and I would just await definite results. I am still waiting.

For anyone hoping to persuade mainstream science to take on this quest and provide the expertise and resources to bring it to a conclusion, episodes of this sort do real harm. Those who take them seriously end up looking foolish, and the prospect of looking foolish is surely one of the main reasons why few of the scientists that we know have an interest in this subject do anything about it, and why there is no financial or institutional

support for those that do take it up. In this respect I have my own cross to bear, the Albert Ostman story. How could we have taken seriously his tale about being carried off in his sleeping bag by a big male sasquatch, being kept corralled in a box canyon with a family that included an old lady, a young male and a younger female, and escaping by getting the old male to swallow a box of snuff? Albert was a very believable fellow, who handled tough cross-examination with cheerful composure, swore to his story without hesitation, and stuck to it until he died, but 1 wouldn't believe him if he were telling it today.

Today, however, he would have easy sources for his descriptions of those four individuals and what they did. When his story came to light, in 1957, the opposite was the case. Sasquatch were not commonly thought of as completely hair-covered creatures living much the same life as a bear, instead their public image was that of a tribe of giant Indians, hairy only on their heads, who lived in villages, held annual get-togethers on a special mountain, and used signal fires. His descriptions, so contrary to the media image of his time, have stood up wonderfully well over the years. More than that, he was questioned for hours by Daris Swindler and the veterinarian from the Seattle primate center, and they told me that the physical Details and the actions he said he had witnessed all rang true. Did he actually observe such creatures, in whatever circumstances? There is just his story, with no supporting evidence, and that is unfortunate, because there are elements in his story that would be very significant but are not confirmed by subsequent reports. No one else, to my knowledge, has claimed that the females go out and gather food to bring back to a home place, or that sasquatch sleep in woven blankets of bark and moss, and while there is indeed a widespread assumption that they live in family groups the bulk of evidence suggests, to me at least, that they do not. Another witness who contributed some unique elements of information did have evidence to show. Glen Thomas, a logger living in Colton, Oregon, eventually claimed four separate sightings - which is more than enough to set alarm bells ringing - but his first story, of watching a big male sasquatch dig deep into broken rock high up on a mountain ridge to get at hibernating rodents, was backed up by the hole in the rocks, five feet deep, as steep-sided as a well, and obviously beyond human ability to duplicate without machinery.

He also had something to say bearing on the family hypothesis. A female and infant were with the big male and shared in eating the rodents, but Glen noted that the young one was always careful to keep on the other side of its mother from the male.

Glen Thomas did not tell his first story until after the Patterson movie was public knowledge, but another account of exceptionally detailed observations came to light not just before the movie, but before the first "Bigfoot" cast was made in 1958.

William Roe, a man whom I later learned had an established reputation as an accurate observer of wildlife, told of watching a six-foot, very heavy, hair-covered, obviously female creature in a small clearing on a mountain near Tete Jaune Cache, British

Columbia. He said it was eating from a bush, not berries, but the leaves. (A full-size copy of a drawing of the animal, made by his daughter at his direction, is on display here.)
The Ostman and Roe stories had a lot to do with my becoming caught up in this investigation so long ago, but there was another that was even more instrumental. That was something that had taken place at Ruby Creek, British Columbia, in 1941. As a sighting report it was nothing special, a women living in an isolated home on an Indian reserve told of seeing a hairy giant approach from the nearby woods. She fled, but a group of men went to investigate and found a series of huge humanlike tracks, which, among other things, indicated that the track maker had stepped casually over a four-foot railway fence. I was told that story in 1957 by one of the men involved, someone I already knew and respected, and I later spoke with three other people who had seen the tracks. I was also told that a deputy sheriff from Bellingham, Washington, had come to investigate at the time. He had since died, but from his son I obtained a tracing of a footprint cast that he had made. When I came to this area in 1958 I had that tracing with me, and, as you can see, it is almost a perfect match for a tracing that Bob Titmus had made from Jerry Crew's "Bigfoot" cast. Ordinarily at this point I might go on to tell of seeing some old tracks on the Bluff Creek Road on that occasion and of returning to see the second type of tracks found by Bob Titmus, and also of my experiences with Roger Patterson before and after he got his movie. The time to deal with those events, however, is tomorrow afternoon in the panel discussion, with other people who were much more closely involved than I was. For the first time at any symposium, you will have the opportunity to hear directly from Bob Gimlin, who was with Roger on that fateful day, from Ed Patrick, who was with Bob when they found the new tracks, and from Ed Schellenberg and perhaps others, who were there when the original Bigfoot tracks showed up on the Bluff Creek jobsite. I have mentioned that the bulk of evidence does not support the hypothesis that sasquatch live in family groups. On what basis do I make that statement? Well, I wasn't always the homebody I tend to be today. I won't bore you with specifics, but I spent many years and traveled many miles stirring up, investigating and recording sighting reports and

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otprint finds, and I conducted an information exchange involving most of the investigators active at the time.
It certainly didn't compare with what the Bigfoot Field Researchers Organization has done in recent years, but it went on a lot longer, and the number of reports that I had on file grew year by year from dozens to hundreds and eventually to thousands. For a while I even tried to keep up with all the information that became available after the internet got going,

but that has now grown beyond what I care to attempt.
Every few years I used to go through a complex exercise in trying to analyze the information in those reports, counting tiny symbols entered on big sheets of graph paper, until that became completely impractical. Then, about 10 years ago, I switched to trying to do it with a computer-and I knew nothing about computers. Sasquatch hunting in the early days used to be stimulating, even exciting at times, occasionally hilarious. Entering thousands of reports in a computer is just a wearisome grind, and many a sad software story is involved before you even get to that stage. I won't bore you with specifics, but nothing comes easy. In any event, for the past several years I have had thousands of reports entered, currently just over 4,000, and considerable ability to get answers to questions from them.
For many questions only a minority of the reports contain any answers, but nearly all reports tell how many creatures were involved and their size. Currently out of 3,684 such reports 3,325 list single adults and 171 more than one adult. Small creatures By themselves were reported 111 times, and small creatures with one adult 37 times. Only 40, or just over one percent of the reports, involve combinations of large and small creatures that may have been families including an adult male and female. Only 32 of the creatures seen alone were described as adult females, so it seems plain, assuming that sasquatch do exist, that only the adult males normally behave in ways that expose them to a risk of being seen by humans. That does leave open the possibility that females and young are often present but remain out of sight, however it seems to me beyond reason to elevate that possibility to an assumption. The family of one male, one female and their offspring is, after all, unknown among large higher primates other than man. It has always been my hope that someone would show up who could write a program that would set the computer, on its own, searching day and night for relationships among the hundreds of items of information until they revealed something unsuspected that would be useful. So far that hasn't happened, but by less exotic means the computer has provided interesting answers to some frequently asked questions, and has poked holes in some of the things we used to think we knew. Consider smell, for instance. It seems as if people are always reporting that sasquatch have a terrible smell. In Florida they are even called "skunk apes." The numbers tell a very different story, at least for western North America. In the spring of 1995, when I had only western entries completed, strong smell was mentioned in only 72 out of 923 descriptions.
Of course in many cases, because of distance or some other reason, there could have been a smell that the witness did not detect, so I checked the few entries where the animal was reported to be 10 feet or less away and not separated from the witness by glass or any other barrier. The result, there were 14 mentions of a strong smell and four of a mild smell, while in 26 encounters there was no smell noticed at all. We used to speculate whether the lack of smell in some cases, strong smell in

others, indicated that sasquatch shared with dogs an inclination to roll in strong-smelling things, but gorilla researcher Dian Fossey has provided a more likely explanation. In her book "Gorillas in the Mist" she refers several times to a powerful "fear odor" produced by adult male gorillas under stress, and notes that they have special glands in their armpits from which the scent is emitted. As to frequently asked questions, how many times have we heard the challenge, "If these things exist how come hunters (or loggers, or prospectors etc.) never see them?" (An even more frequent question is "If these things exist how come nobody ever sees them?" But you don't need a computer to answer that). As to the people whose recreation or occupation regularly takes them into the woods, the answer, of course, is that they do report sightings and they do find tracks. At the end of 1995 I had 1162 entries of sightings and track finds in which the activity of the witness was noted. Of these, 125 were hunting, 34 logging, 23 prospecting, 10 trapping and 77 involved in other outdoor occupations. The commonest sighting report, by far, was something seen on or beside a road from a car, and the second most common something seen outside by a person in a house. Of encounters in the wild, at least a third were by hunters or people working there. One of the questions that we ourselves tend to ask is whether sasquatch migrate with the seasons, the hope being that they might regularly pass by the same spot at the same time of year. In 1996 I looked at the evidence of the computer entries in three different ways: The relationship of altitude to the time of year; the relationship of direction of travel to the time of year and the relationship of location to the time of year. None of these showed any consistent pattern that would indicate migration. Altitudes were highest in summer, but lowest in the spring, not the winter. Direction of travel was a mishmash of inadequate numbers, but showing a slight majority heading south in the summer and towards the ocean beaches in the spring-the opposite of what the migration hypothesis would suggest. Latitude and longitude put the center of observations in all four seasons within a circle just 30 miles in diameter. Considering that the examples I have just given were picked because I thought you might find them the most interesting, you can see that sasquatch hunting by computer is not particularly exhilarating even after the task of doing the entries is completed.

I am glad, however, to have been able to provide data for studies other researchers have done, and perhaps I will be able to do the same for some of you in the future. I have said that the events at Bluff Creek in the 1950s and 60s can best be dealt with at the panel discussion tomorrow, but there is one aspect that very much involves the present, and perhaps I can dispose of it now. I am referring to the claim made last year by his family that the late Ray Wallace the contractor on the road construction job where the first "Bigfoot" track was cast, made those footprints by walking around wearing a pair of wooden feet. Had the first newspaper to carry the story behaved responsibly, and asked the Wallaces to demonstrate that they could duplicate those tracks

with the wooden feet that they displayed as proof, that story would never have been printed. Instead it was treated as revealed truth, and it was republished and broadcast all over the world, with some wonderful embellishments. One newspaper quoted a Wallace nephew saying that Ray had sent younger members of the clan out to make all of the big tracks that have been reported all over the continent. Others took a mention of Ray making movies of his wife in a fur suit and twisted it to include the Patterson movie. Even the newspaper in Eureka, which had printed the original stories that introduced "Bigfoot" to the world, got on the bandwagon with a yarn about how the publisher at the time had known all along it was a Ray Wallace hoax.
It was a totally irresponsible performance by the media, and frankly a lot of people involved in Bigfoot research weren't any better. Their reaction might be summed up as: "Okay, Ray Wallace faked the Bluff Creek tracks but we have other tracks that are genuine." They didn't bother to find out, any more than the media did, whether the Wallace claims were true, and seemed perfectly willing to discard as evidence tracks that are the most thoroughly investigated and best authenticated of any that have ever been found. The current Wallaces actually don't show any sign of knowing much about the Bluff Creek tracks and may even believe that what they are saying is true, although one of them told Rick Noll that his father never actually said he had faked the tracks, they just grew up knowing he had.
The wooden feet that they showed the media, as you can see in the full-size photos of them on display here, do not match the original "Bigfoot". They do appear to be attempts to duplicate

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the casts made by Bob Titmus of the different set of tracks he found on a Bluff Creek sandbar, but one of them is so crudely carved that they would not likely fool anybody.
I expect those feet were just made to see whether tracks could be faked with them, something that probably, like myself, some of you have also tried. The answer, of course, is that you can make passable tracks in flat ground if it is soft enough, but in firm materials or up and down slopes, forget it. Some of the original tracks were in very firm materials, and some went up and down steep slopes. This museum has had an offer in circulation for several months now of $100,000 for anyone who can show how they could have been faked. So far there is no sign that any Wallace cares to try for the money, but perhaps they haven't heard of it. The same editors that swallowed whole their nonsensical story refused to believe a real one. Priding themselves, I suppose, on not falling for a publicity stunt, they gave the [AD] $100,000 offer no publicity at all. Granted that the $100,000 was put up in an attempt to get publicity, since all other attempts to get the media to counteract the damage they had done had failed, but it is a genuine offer. The first person who can demonstrate

how the Bluff Creek tracks could have been faked will be paid [AD] $100,000. Tomorrow, you when you hear the people who were involved at the time describe what they observed; I think you will agree that there is no cause for concern that the money will ever be claimed. What is the story about Ray Wallace? I never met him, because he was never around Willow Creek the times I was here, but I was told early on about his reputation as a practical joker, and in later years I got occasional letters and phone calls from him. According to newspaper stories he was pretty upset in 1958 about people suggesting he had faked the tracks, pointing out, undoubtedly correctly, that the whole thing was interfering with his contract and costing him money.

It wasn't long, though, until he began to try to get in on the action, telling outlandish tales about his adventures with Bigfoot. He even tried to sell Tom Slick a movie of Bigfoot he that claimed to have taken. I wasn't there, but I was told that Ray asked for [AD] $10,000 and wouldn't show Tom the film until he had the money. We had learned by then that Tom could be very gullible at times, but that wasn't one of the times, so we never knew what would have happened if he had agreed to pay. We thought then that it was an attempted swindle, but having learned more of Ray's reputation from people who knew him well and admired him I feel sure now that it would have turned out to be just one of his pranks. A while later, after he had returned to the area in Washington where he came from, Ray got involved in selling very odd looking footprint casts, supposedly from the Mount Saint Helen's apes. I never heard that he had casts from Bluff Creek, and I'm sure he never claimed publicly that he had faked the tracks there; because he would certainly have been called on to prove it. To give you something of the flavor of the man, I'll quote a couple of passages from of his letters.

In 1961 he wrote to the Klam-ity Kourier, here in Willow Creek, as follows: "Big foot used to be very tame, as I have seen him almost every morning on my way to work... I would sit in my pickup and toss apples out of the window to him. He never did catch an apple but he sure tried. Then as he ate the apples I would have my movie camera clipping off more footage of him... I have talked to several movie companies about selling my movies which would last for three hours. The best offer I've had so far is [AD] $250,000." A letter to me in April 1979, included the following: "... everyone says who has heard Big Foots screams in northern California, before all the Big Foots were killed and hauled down the Klamath River in a tug boat and out into the ocean 12 miles to where was a small ship anchored in international waters and frozen into a block of ice and then transported to Hong Kong and sold, so now there aren't any more left in northern California, or is there if they are being let out of flying saucers."

Everything Ray did was so transparently bogus that it seemed obvious he was just having fun. It is hard to imagine he expected his yarns to be believed, and although some writers back East swallowed the bait I don't know of anyone involved in the sasquatch search in the West who took him seriously or felt that

he was causing any sort of problem. Ironically he didn't fool people on a grand scale until he wasn't around to enjoy the joke, and unfortunately when it did happen it did real harm.

We will never know the full extent to which people or projects that could have made valuable contributions in this field have turned away or been turned down because the media fell for this silly story, but we do know of enough examples to establish that the effect will be substantial and long-lasting. Sasquatch hunting, however, has always been three steps forward, two steps back, so we will just take our lumps and carry on, undeterred. In that vein I would like to close with one of my favorite memories from the days when Rene Dahinden and I were pioneers in this strange pursuit. We had been on a radio phone-in show for a couple of hours, back in 1963, when a man called in and said something like this: "Don't you idiots realize that there are two hundred million people in North America and you are the only two who take this stuff seriously." I don't remember the caller's exact words, but Rene's reply still rings in my ears: "Mister, there are two hundred and twenty million people in North America, and every bloody one of them is wrong!" There may be an extra hundred million of them today, but there are also a lot more of us,and we are making real headway-so carry on.

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"BIGFOOT, Or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Started to Love Sasquatch" by Joseph Kyle

Growing up in East Texas, I always thought that the woods and swamps and hills held a certain unrecognizable evil, one that had no identifiable form, but you knew existed, and you knew would spell your demise in a heartbeat if you encountered "it." Bigfoot? Haints? A psychotic axe murderer who had just upgraded to a chainsaw? The devil himself? "Don't go in the woods at night" was the eleventh commandment, and I held that one above the other ten. Growing up in the country, in a little house in the woods, would be kind of scary at times.

Before I was afraid of girls, I was afraid of everything supernatural. Bigfoot. Ghosts. Haunted houses. Aliens. Nessie (though, to be fair, Sigmund & The Seamonsters desensitized me to being afraid of her). See, back in the 1970s and 1980s-back before Al Gore invented the Internet--we had shows like PM Magazine, That's Incredible! and Ripley's Believe It Or Not!, and these shows had no qualms taking an interest in the Supernatural and 'mysteries' of the unexplained. Heck, even shows like Night-line and 20/20 devoted airtime to these 'freakish' phenomenon. Nowadays, thanks to Sci-Fi cable channels, X-Files and the Internet, there's a stigma to these types of things, and nobody talks about them anymore. It's a shame. Anyway, there were these really great shows that were cool, and they'd occasionally have these stories on Bigfoot sightings and UFO pictures. They didn't treat it like it was a 'freak' thing; they took a general, curious, open-minded 'what do you think of this phenomenon' type of attitude about such things-after all, back in the 1970s we weren't so arrogant as to think that we knew all the answers to

life, and though there were critics and people who decried these things as foolish, the subject wasn't automatically treated as one that only crazies were interested in. In 1978, I was five years old, which, as any child psychologist will tell you, is a real impressionable age. One thing I remember about those days is that during the week, Channel3 (the ABC station), would run horror movies starting at three o'clock. We're not talking about the GOOD movies, either; we're talking about movies so horribly bad that Mystery Science Theatre wouldn't touch them. THAT'S how bad those films were. My older brother watched 'em all, it seems. One of these films dealt with a half-man, half ape creature, and though I don't remember the name, it was the first time I heard of such a creature. "Bigfoot!" my brother said. It was the first time I heard the name. One day, he was hanging out with the neighbor kids, and he was watching me and my sister.
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One of his buddies came over. "Hey, you wanna' see something cool?" My brother, being one for adventures, said yeah. Down the road was a place that we called 'the tree farm.' If you cross the fence and go down the road a bit, you would find an old, abandoned house and barn. So we crossed over and made the trek down to this place, with my brother's friend pressing him about how wild and weird and scary it was, this thing that he'd found. When we got up to the old farm, he pointed to the barn. "You're not gonna' believe what's in there." We go inside the barn, and he points down to the ground. Inside the main cattle areas were footprints. BIG footprints. EXTREMELY big foot-prints. Footprints so big that they dwarfed EVERYONE'S feet by several inches. These footprints were all over the barn, along with a stench that I couldn't begin to describe and piles of things that looked half-eaten. My brother was hushed. We all were. We decided right then that, um, we needed to get the hell out of there. Immediately. It was during this trip that I heard the name that would invoke terror from that day forward: Sasquatch.
Not too long after this trip, I saw the Bigfoot film footage. It looked an AWFUL lot like the Tree Farm. In fact, until my dad explained it to me, I thought it WAS the Tree Farm. He didn't look harmful, he just looked...BIG. And SCARY. This, however, was not the thing that would cause me great fear.
A few months after this adventure, my fear was solidified by a simple commercial for a crap movie, Sasquatch: The Legend of Bigfoot. Yes, I saw the commercial. To be a bit more specific, I saw a very big hand smashing through a window and young, supple teenage girls running in fear and terror. "The woods are no longer safe," the commercial said. "Be careful, Sasquatch is waiting." Looking out my bedroom window, I saw woods. More importantly, I now knew these woods were no longer safe. The TV told me so, and I believed it. So in my little mind, it was decided:

Bigfoot was real. Bigfoot lived in the woods around me. Bigfoot wanted to hurt me. I didn't know what he looked like, but I knew he was scary, and I knew he was just waiting for me.

For the next several years, I lived in fear of the dark. The night was a terror for me. I didn't set foot out after dark, and if I did, I didn't go near the woods. I NEVER went down towards the Tree Farm at any time after 7:00 PM. If I did, it was always with my dad nearby. If you wanted to raise my fear, all you needed to do was knock on my window after dark. It was not long after this time that my sister learned of my fear. Now, knowing how siblings work, this information about my weakness was soon used to its full advantage. "I thought I saw Bigfoot last night" she'd say, with a wicked glint in her eye. My nephew, who was only a year younger than me--and full of bravado--soon picked up on this. That his parents were outdoor types who did a lot of hunting in the woods only added a certain amount of credibility to his tales. I tried not to think about these things. In my little boy mind, I came to a certain amount of peace with this situation. Bigfoot was real. Bigfoot lived in the woods outside my house. Bigfoot was going to come and get me. I didn't know when, didn't know where, but I knew if I wasn't careful and cautious, then the Sasquatch was going to come and take care of little Joey. I simply learned to accept this fate, and I started to live a peaceful yet fearful life. I thought I was doing okay, but then something happened. Empire. Strikes. Back.

When the movie was released, the fear was rekindled. My sister lovingly gloated the one thing I was thinking: "You know that Chewbacca was a Bigfoot that they captured, don't you?"

I was a little more savvy about the nature of my sister's statement, so I discounted this at first. Then, the unthinkable happened--my brother said the same thing. Then my nephews said the same thing. My friends at school said the same thing. My friends at church said the same thing. All of these people were saying the same thing, and when everyone says the same thing, then it must be true, right? The old fear came back, and even though my sister helped me to remember my fear,

I certainly didn't need any help to put the pieces together. The commercial. The footprints. The hushed, reverent, solemn stories whispered by people I knew. The news shows with special stories and pictures. The books my sister would show me when we'd go to the library. Simply put, I was terrified of Sasquatch.

For example, I learned that the shelf built into the wall in the bathroom used to be a window. Thus, I knew that one day, Bigfoot will smash his hands through the wall and get me. When it was pointed out that in order for Bigfoot to do so, he would have to come inside the house through the back door, pull down the bookcase that was over the wall, and then would have to know exactly where the window used to be, I still didn't feel safe. What I knew that in the process of him doing all of this--which he WOULD do-I would hear him, and I'd have ample opportunity to jump into the towel cabinet and hide underneath the towels. I refused to put my bed anywhere near the window, because I knew

that he would smash that window in and get me there. (That, or the aliens would shine their beams down into my room and take me.) I lived in fear of the dark, the night, the woods-there was something out there. I didn't know what, but it made me afraid. VERY afraid. Seeing as those around me would mention it now and then, I knew that my fears were well founded.

Before the time my fear could reach critical mass, I hit puberty. By that time, I had other things to be afraid of: girls. I learned that my sister was just pure evil and was tormenting me. My friends were stupid. My nephew was just taking in the fuel from my sister. The next time I heard a Bigfoot story was from my oldest brother. He said he saw Bigfoot around the Tree Farm. I also know he did a lot of drugs during the 1970s, so I dismissed his tale as the bogus story of a burned out ex-junkie. True, it kind of fit in with what I had seen that lone day in 1978, but his credibility wasn't worth anything. I just didn't pay any attention to the fears I used to. Bigfoot became a neighbor. A big, hairy, wild neighbor, but a neighbor nonetheless. I wouldn't mess with his home, he wouldn't mess with mine. I grew up, moved out and went to college. I forgot about Bigfoot. I forgot about my fears. Of course, it must be said that I always made sure to never live on ground floors ANYWHERE, and I NEVER slept by the windows. One time I came home with a friend of mine, and she said, "it's very Blair Witch." Even for a city slicker girl who grew up in West Texas, she also understood that she shouldn't go near the woods at night. I could actually talk about Bigfoot with her, and I didn't feel any of the old fears I once had. Of course, I still can't go outside after dark by myself, but I'm not afraid of him any more. I moved back home not too long ago, and I have to admit, I still think of my old neighbor Sasquatch. I could insert some Rousseau theory about the nature of the wild, and I could probably talk about the whole noble savage theory, but I won't, because being animalistic means not having to accept French philosophy. Besides, that's boring, and as intellectuals look down upon Sasquatch, I won't insult Bigfoot by applying this horribly beastist philosophy to him. So, what's my verdict on Bigfoot? I really don't know if he exists, but I believe in him. I respect him. He's done a great job of avoiding the media, and I feel angry when I see him portrayed as some wild beast in really crap movies. He's my neighbor, and part of being a Texan means respecting your neighbors--and considering some of the people who have been my neighbors, he couldn't possibly be THAT bad. So Bigfoot, if you do exist, and you wanna come over, please do--we'll eat some meat, drink some beer, and just shoot the s**t, my good neighbor. Besides, I wanna' hear the dish about those wild barn parties you had in the 1970s--having gone to several in my own life, I bet yours were a blast!

PS. I hope Bigfoot doesn't read this and decide to pop over.

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* Book Review-The Man Behind the Legend by J. E. "Smokey" Crabtree: For those not familiar with J.E. "Smokey" Crabtree,

he is the author of two previous books about his life in Fouke, Arkansas. This area came to public attention when the movie, "The Legend of Boggy Creek" was made in the 1970's. Smokey family was involved in sightings of the "Fouke Monster", (the star
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of the movie), and some of their stories are mentioned in the movie. Smokey tells about his unfortunate involvement in this movie in his first book, and continues the story in his second book, "Too Close to the Mirror". In his third book, Smokey continues to entertain and teach us with stories about his exciting life. The book starts out with Smokey telling about his father, Albert Crabtree, and the early years before and during Smokey's childhood. There are many stories of how his family survived hard times during the depression by trapping and hunting in The Sulphur River Bottoms. Their survival was due to his father's and other family members determination to do what was right, and at the same time make sure the family had what they needed. There are stories of his family; mother, brothers, sisters, and cousins that the reader can enjoy. Some are humorous, some are sad, but all seem to have a moral or message about how family life was for them and how our modern generation could learn how happy a simple life can be.

My favorite part of the book is stories of hunting, trapping, and fishing in the Sulphur River Bottoms. This book really hits home for the outdoor enthusiast. I have only visited this area a few times, but I must agree with Smokey, this bottomland is beautiful, and has a magic of its own, especially in the spring. Smokey tells several chapters about his experiences in the wilderness as though he is taking the reader along on the adventure, he speaks in the first person as though he is talking to you, and it is easy to imagine that you really are going along for the trip!

I like Smokey's style in this last book. He is more lighthearted and seems to enjoy re-telling the stories for the reader. Some of these are about his welding career, and my favorite is about a friend called "Bull Plug".

"The Man Behind the Legend" has something for everyone. It is not a Bigfoot book, but it does have several references to the creature that is supposed to haunt the area. What this book is about is a long, adventurous life, lived to it's fullest by one of the last true gentlemen. Smokey doesn't leave anything out, and I encourage those that plan to buy this book to also buy Smokey's previous two books, "Smokey and the Fouke Monster", and "Too Close to the Mirror". I feel that they all have something to offer for old and young alike.

Reviewed by Jerry Hestand

The Man Behind the Legend
Days Creek Productions Corp. (Arkansas), 2004
160 pages; $19.95

CHINO VALLEY REVIEW
10 January 12, 2005
Local man joins network
fractional Networking Pro
Lyle Vann
Review/Diane DeHamer
Lyle Vann of Paulden, owner and Director of the Arizona Bigfoot Center, recently received a certificate welcoming him into the International Association of Networking Professionals.
SOME OF THE VISITORS AT THE
FEBRUARY UFO MEETING
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1) the skunkape dates back to 1929.
2) sightings continue to be reported every year by reputable people from all walks of life, from farmers and tourists to law enforcement and scientist.
3) that Floridas territory and enviroment is sufficient to hide and sustain such creatures.
4) that there is scientific evidence supporting their exsistance.
5) that for anyone thinking that it is easy to fake bigfoot tracks, there is a $100,000 reward!
DETAILS INSIDE.
AUTHOR RONNIE ROSEMAN PUT
TOGETHER A BOOKLET CONCERNING
THE FLORIDA SKUNK APE, INTENDED
TO COMPLIMENT THE FILM
"SHDAAWANOKI"
Cover Artist
Bill Asmussen
SHAAWANOKE THE SKUNKY
FLORIDA BIGFOOT

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NEW BOOK REVIEW
HANCOCK HOUSE PUBLISHERS
The Bigfoot Film Controversy
The
By Roger Patterson & Chris Murphy
BIGFOOT
Film Controversy
Roger Patterson's COMPLETE book
Do Abominable Snowmen of America Really Exdst?

with an Update Supplement on the famous Patterson/Gimlin Bigfoot film.
Roger Patterson
Christopher Murphy
The Bigfoot Film Controversy
By Roger Patterson & Chris Murphy
ISBN: 0-88839-581-7
SC, 5.5" X 8.5", 240 pages
[AD] $22.95
HE BIGFOOT FILM CONTROVERSY is the essential story as we know it of Roger Patterson's initial Bigfoot research and the Bigfoot film taken by Patterson and Robert Gimlin at Bluff Creek, California in 1967.
Full-page color enlargements of the twelve clearest film frames and many supporting photographs are provided giving the reader the best photographic evidence we have on the subject.
The information gathered and assembled by Roger Patterson in his epic work will truly impress the reader. One cannot help but feel this author's passion for the subject and associate with his burning desire to fully substantiate the remarkable accounts he had collected.
Chris Murphy's detailed but easy-reading documentation of the filming, its aftermath and the subsequent questions on the film is both informative and entertaining. Chris has provided us with a concise, highly illustrated package. He "keeps it frank, simple and factual, saving the reader the trouble of wading through superfluous "page fillers."
THIS IS AN ESSENTIAL BOOK for Bigfoot researchers, historians, book collectors and enthusiasts, but skeptics beware - this book will change your mind!
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